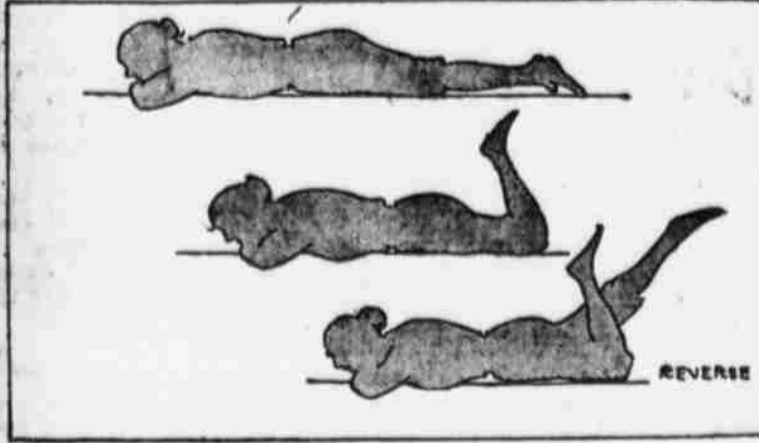


## The Evening World's Perfect Figure Contest

Conducted by Pauline Furlong

To Make Perfectly Proportioned for Their Height Women Now  
Fifteen or More Pounds Over or Under Their Proper Weight.

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)



Leg-Bending Mat Exercise.

### Developing—Lesson XXV.

A MAT exercise for thin readers is given in this lesson. It is practiced in the following manner:  
Lie flat on the floor, face downward, arms folded under the chin, legs extended and together; bend the legs upward toward the back and then stretch up and out with the right leg as far as it will reach, keeping knee rigid. Return to the original starting position, with the legs extended and together on the floor and proceed by raising both legs from knees backward again. Then raise and stretch the left leg out to full length, knee rigid, as far as possible, without strain. Relax all muscles and resume the starting position after each leg stretching movement.

This exercise strengthens and stretches the muscles of the hips, thighs, calves and ankles and is also a good exercise for those who suffer from insomnia.

### Lesson Talks and Answers to Queries.

IN past lessons I have tried to make it plain to thin readers that lack of rest and sleep will do more to keep them thin and under normal condition than almost anything else.

The question of rest is the most essential one to the woman who would attain the very highest degree of strength, health and mentality. Waste matter accumulates in the body through lack of rest and insomnia constitutes, strictly speaking, nothing more or less than self-poisoning, because activity of the brain and body causes many changes in the tissues, producing poisonous elements, eliminated only during sound, dreamless sleep.

If the day's duties are performed properly, that is, without unnecessary fretting, worry, haste or strain, restful sleep will come without undue fatigue, which frequently causes sleeplessness.

Complete muscular relaxation is absolutely necessary to restful sleep and such habits as clenching the hands, drawing the legs up, gritting the teeth and assuming positions which prevent free circulation of the blood, and proper breathing will cause only during sound, dreamless sleep. The day's duties are performed properly, that is, without unnecessary fretting, worry, haste or strain, restful sleep will come without undue fatigue, which frequently causes sleeplessness.

A calm mind is essential to sound sleep, and it is necessary to learn to control and command the mind and think of absolutely nothing before complete rest will be enjoyed.

**BUTTERMILK FATTENING**—M. R. Buttermilk and the prepared sour milk are not fattening, are easily digested and nourishing. You must eat butter not marmalade if you are very fat. Of course, if you are only plump, you could eat a very little of each on gluten bread. When you have a desire for something sweet eat stewed fruit, sweetened with a sugar substitute, and this will satisfy the desire. Mineral oil is not assimilated by the system and therefore not fattening.

**TO EXERCISE NECK**—M. F. D. Roll the head all the way around on the shoulders and then bend it back, forward and to each side fifty times a day. Massage with the finger-tips a good skin cream to make the neck white and stimulate the blood supply to it. This is the best treatment for a hunched, shallow or over-fat neck.

**ITCHING SKIN**—Mrs. EDWIN R.

### War Wins Overall for Women

WOMEN have gained many rights and privileges of late years. One of them, which is directly the result of the war, is the right to wear overalls. As soon as the women of Great Britain and France began to perform duties previously monopolized by men they discovered that skirts seriously hindered their activity and reduced their efficiency. Bloomers of various designs were tried, and are still being worn by some women, but in general they were found unsatisfactory. Then came the vogue of overalls. At first the feminine wearers of this bifurcated uniform of masculine tailors came in for quite a bit of criticism, but the braver ones persisted, and now the woman in overalls is no uncommon sight in France and England.

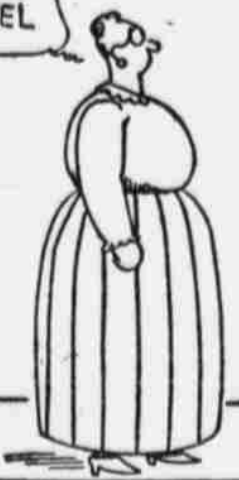
A majority of the women wearing overalls insist upon definitely feminine touches to the garments, but some women wear overalls exactly like those favored by their masculine co-workers.

## Can You Beat It!

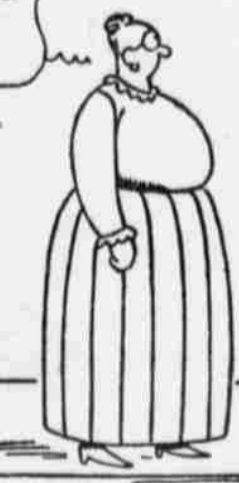
Copyright, 1917,  
by The Press Publishing Co.  
(The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten

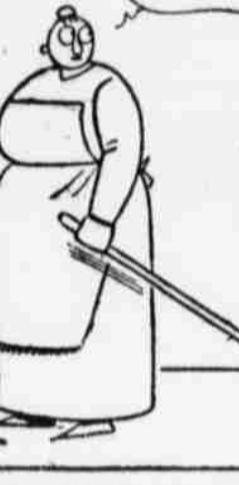
I HAVE JUST RENTED  
THE HALL ROOM.  
PUT A FRESH TOWEL  
IN IT



A POOR FELLOW  
WHO LOST HIS JOB  
ON ACCOUNT OF  
THE WAR



HERE HE IS



HE LOOKS  
ALL IN!

WHO TOOK  
IT?



WHAT'S  
HIS NAME?



MR. N.  
ROMANOFF  
EXCAR

## OPPORTUNITY

Fate Knocks, but There's Nobody Home in This Strange, Startling, Delightfully Funny Story.

By Edgar Franklin

### BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS.

CHAPTER II.  
(Continued.)

It seemed to be about twenty. His clothing, from the overcoat to the trousers and well-worn shoes, indicated that he came from no very elevated plane of society. His features were decidedly good. His hair needed cutting and had needed it for some time, and he was tremendously interested in the star about. Elbows shading his eyes, the youngster's whole soul seemed to be centred in the star.

So at a rather easy guess Mr. Bolter concluded that he was a seaman or a janitor's assistant or an elevator boy or something like that. The buyer of his seat, finding himself unable to come at the last moment, had given the kid his ticket and he was having the time of his life.

Round after round passed and they were in the tenth and last and the boy started with undue violence and stared at him, drew back and looked Anthony up and down as he said:

"Pardon me?"

"I am speaking to you, young man," Anthony smiled benignly. "May I speak to you a little more?"

"This, very evidently, was a sensitive boy, unaccustomed to chatting with elegant, palpably prosperous strangers. The startled eyes ran over Anthony again and a frown came into them.

"What's the idea?" he asked briefly. "There is a very large idea, which I should like to make clear to you," Mr. Fry went on smoothly. "I should like to have a talk with you, young man—not here, of course, but when the night is over—and it will be to your considerable advantage."

"I don't want to buy anything," the canny young man informed him. "And I don't want to sell you anything," Anthony laughed. "But I do wish to present to you a proposition which will be of much interest."

perhaps to justify a small contention, but I wish you to come home with me for a little while."

"What?" said the boy.

As Johnson Bolter observed, sighing heavily and shaking his head as he observed it, the young man was downright scared now. An older citizen would have bopped him with a cane, but Johnson Bolter, doubting, and chilled him back to reason; but this one drew away from Anthony with terror, certainly held a quantity of returned person was jammed against the rail.

Three different points high-held nightsticks were pushing through the surging crowd; and Johnson Bolter, looking quickly at the storm centre, counted no less than eleven separate couples pounding one another, and smiled as he jerked Anthony bodily over the rail and hissed:

"Come on, you lunatic! Come on! 'Johnson, upon my soul!—Anthony began.

"Never mind your soul! Get your body out of here before the cops find it and club it to death for starting this rumpus!" Mr. Bolter cried excitedly. "Look at that seaman, Anthony! He's got his eye on you and he's fighting his way over here! Now, you want down there, son! Move! Quick, before—"

"No! Come with us, boy!" Anthony said, somewhat disconcertingly. "What for?" the boy inquired. "Want to watch this?"

"You stay and watch it by all means!" Johnson Bolter smiled quickly. "You're perfectly safe, youngster; I was only fooling. Now you come this way, Anthony, and—"

Anthony, unperturbed, laid a kindly hand on the youngster's shoulder. "You'd better come with us, my son," said he. "They'll run you in for a witness and you may be locked up for a week unless you have friends to get you out."

This time he had startled the young man. Wide eyes turned and stared at him and there was a distinct note of fright in the voice that said:

"What do you mean? Arrest me?" "Of course, if you stay here," Anthony said. "Come with me and I'll take care of you."

And then Johnson Bolter had caught his arm and was dragging him away; and Anthony, catching the arm of the boy, was dragging him after. Around the side of the ring they sped, where an interested group of fighters and trainers watched the melee; and, on through a small side door and into the night.

Here's where the taxi wait, Mr. Bolter said quickly. "Now, you beat it straight down the street, lad, and—"

"Well, take this one," Anthony interrupted, as he jerked open the door and thrust his bewildered charge inward. "Tell the man to take us home, Johnson."

Johnson Bolter complied with a grunt, slamming the door viciously as he plumped into his own seat. The prospective victim of Anthony's no-

tion was still with them—and he seemed contented enough to be there for the present. And now Anthony's deep, kindly voice was addressing him with:

"You'll come home with me for a little while, youngster?"

Mr. Bolter drew a long, resigned breath and prepared to back the boy in every objection his doubtless normal mind should offer—but he just then and he caught the boy's expression.

It was really a queer thing to see. No fear was there now, but only the curiosity of youth, mingled with an inscrutable something else. The boy's stare showed for a moment as he asked:

"Pardon me, but what's it all about? Why under the sun should I go home with you?"

"Because I want to talk confidentially to you for an hour."

"You're not judging from these togs that I'm a criminal, are you?" Mr. Bolter grinned, and to Johnson Bolter the tone was far too cultivated for the clothes?

"What?"

"I mean, you don't want any one murdered or anything of that kind?" Anthony laughed richly.

"By no means, my dear boy. As to what it is all about I'll tell you when we get there. You'll come?"

"I think not," the boy said frankly. "But—"

"Nix! I don't know why, but I don't like the idea. I think it's a little bit too unusual. Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Fry, if that tells you anything," smiled his owner.

"Fry?" the boy repeated.

"Anthony Fry," the youngster said, and there was a peculiarly sharp note in his voice.

"He makes Fry's Liniment," Johnson Bolter put in dismally, yet happily, because it was plain that the boy would have no part in spelling his chess game and the little chat about his name.

"He has a lot of theories not connected with the liniment business and he wants to bore you to death with some of them. They wouldn't interest you any more than they interest me, and you're right in refusing to listen to them."

"I'm sure," said the boy oddly. "And now I'll tell you what we'll do. Johnson Bolter concluded quite happily. "You tell me where you live, and when the man drops us, I'll pay your fare home. So here's the little old Hotel Landau where Mr. Fry lives." Mr. Bolter finished cheerfully, "and where shall I tell the man to set you down?"

He felt for one, did Johnson Bolter, and then caused feeling for one. That sudden low laugh of the young man was one of the oddest sounds he had ever heard; moreover, as the Landau doorman opened the door of the taxi, he caught the same odd light in the boy's eye—and now he, too, had risen and pulled the disreputable cap a little lower as he said:

"I won't smoke it now, thanks. I'm going upstairs and listen to Mr. Fry for a while, I think."

CHAPTER III.

THE Hotel Landau deserves a word or two.

In the strict sense it is no hotel at all, being merely a twenty-story pile of four and five—and even seven and eight-room bachelor suites of the very highest class. Moving into the Landau and assuming one of its breath-stopping leases is a process not unlike breaking into the most exclusive sort of club. The Landau, catering to the very best and most opulent of the bachelor class, has nothing else beneath its roof.

There are dining rooms for the few who do not dine in the privacy of their own apartments, and there is a long, comfortable lobby where, under the eagle eye of the clerk in the corner only tenants or guests may lounge.

Into this latter area came Anthony Fry and Johnson Bolter and the boy, and as the peculiarly intelligent eyes of the latter darted about it seemed to Mr. Bolter that their twinkles turned to a positive glitter.

It was absurd enough, it halted doubtless from the nervous loneliness within himself, yet Johnson Bolter felt that the youngster was a downright evil force, swaggering along there, tremendously conscious of his own importance! He should have been sedate and subdued, to put it mildly, yet he grinned at the impeccably night clerk from under his cap and sent his impudent eyes flying on, to alight finally on the big chair near the north elevator.

"Who's the party with the big cap and sent his impudent eyes flying on, to alight finally on the big chair near the north elevator. The youngster asked irreverently.

"Oh, that's Mr. Hitchin, a neighbor of mine," Anthony smiled. "He's an amateur detective. Johnson Bolter added significantly. "He knows every young crook in town. He's coming here to give you the once-over."

"I should worry," murmured the self-possessed young man. "Johnson, don't be idiotic! Anthony said, as he laid a hand on the boy's arm. "I'll have to introduce you. What's your name, my lad?"

## The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

### REHEARSALS FOR OUR SPECTACULAR KIDDIE KLUB Pageant

ON THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY  
TAKE PLACE

Every Saturday Afternoon  
AT WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL,  
NO. 40 IRVING PLACE, MANHATTAN

Come and Take Your Part This Saturday.

THIS PAGEANT WILL BE THE  
BIGGEST FEATURE OF THE KIDDIE KLUB YEAR.

I know that every little loyal cousin member will be proud to take part and help make the kid's beautiful outdoor Spring Fete a success! COME TO REHEARSAL NEXT SATURDAY AT 1.45 P. M. SHARP because we always have a bit of fun outside pageant practice. Last Saturday, to honor good St. Patrick, Misses Helene Peterson, Verne Russel and Florence Bullock danced a real Irish reel in the old rollicking Irish fashion, which delighted us as did Mr. Pigott's humorous Celtic songs and song stories.

As for the PAGEANT—well, you must come and see for yourselves what sport it is to be part of a big fete like that and what pride it instils in the hearts of every kiddie cousin.

I shall expect you, each and every one, next Saturday.

BOY SCOUTS ARE ALWAYS AT THEIR POSTS  
AT FOURTEENTH STREET SUBWAY STATION

so that one cannot but find the way. Their work and help at these rehearsals have been invaluable, and every Kiddie Klub member owes them a vote of thanks and appreciation which I can trust my cousins not to fail to give them.

Cousin Eleanor

P. S.—Special seats reserved for grown-ups escorting younger children.

## Dicky and Dot in the Wonder City

By Mary Graham Bonner

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

The Wonder Well.

DICKY and Dot were walking through Prospect Park when they came to a tower. "I wonder if the well can be here?" said Dicky.

"What well?" asked Dot.

"The Chinese well," answered Dicky. "At least that is what it is sometimes called. Uncle John told me to be on the lookout for it to-day when we took the walk we had planned through this park."

Under a large glass cover was a well, and as they were looking about them a kindly old man came up and asked if they would like to hear about the well.

"Yes," said Dicky. "I've been longing to see this wonder for ever so long."

Before they did anything else they started to walk down the stairs to the well.

"How queer it is to walk down steps to a well," remarked Dot. "It makes me a little nervous. I think I've gone far enough."

The old man had told them he would walk above while they looked at the well, and then when they came back he would tell them what it was used for.

Dicky and Dot could look still further down and see how the staircase went around in a queer winding way until it reached an engine which helped the well to do its work.

"After they had looked at it for a time Dicky said: 'Doesn't it seem strange to walk down to a well instead of just sending down a bucket on a rope?'"

"And to think that we walked down those steps," answered Dot. "I feel very, very brave!"

When they were back again with the old man he told them that the well came from a spring.

"They need an engine to help the spring do its work," he said, "for you see the well supplies the park with water."

"The well supplies all this!" exclaimed Dicky as he waved out his arms toward the park. "How can it?"

"But just what does the park need of water?" asked Dot. "Doesn't the rain keep the grass green in the spring and fill the hollow stones for the birds?"

"No," said the old man. "They need more water than the rain. This well keeps the grass green in the park, and the workmen use it in keeping the park fresh and nice."

"And I think," said Dicky, "that the well is so deep that they have to give it a staircase! If it weren't a well with water I suppose they'd give it fire escapes—they do such wonderful things in this city!"

The idea for to-day's story was suggested by Anna Knudsen, aged 12, of No. 276 Midwood Street, Brooklyn.

NEW CLUB PENNANT.

KIDDIE KLUB

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN

Beginning with any number, say MORNING or EVENING, write the number in position, like 123, and add 40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-85